

THE YAZOO CITY WHIG AND POLITICAL REGISTER.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor & Proprietor.

YAZOO CITY, (MI.) FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1843.

VOL. 7, No. 45.—Whole No. 348.

Insolvent Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed at the February Term, 1843, of the Probate Court of Yazoo county, Commissioners of Insolvency upon the Estate of Bethaven Young, dec'd, will meet on the first Saturday of each month at the Office of James Hayden, in Yazoo city, to audit claims against said estate.

JAMES HAYDEN,
GEO. B. WILKINSON,
NATHANIEL PERRY.

Yazoo city, March 17, 1843. 36-1f.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration de bonis non were granted me at the March Term, 1843, of the Probate Court of Yazoo county, on the Estate of Nathaniel N. Hurst, dec'd.—All persons indebted to the late firm of Whitehead & Hurst, will come forward and make settlement and payment; likewise all persons indebted to said Hurst individually.—Those having claims against Whitehead & Hurst, and N. N. Hurst individually, will present them duly authenticated or they will be forever barred.

JOAB R. RICHARDS,
Adm'r de bonis non of N. N. Hurst, dec'd.
Benton, April 7, 1843. 36-6f.

CIRCULAR

To the Planters and Merchants of the Cotton growing region on the Mississippi.

THE undersigned has established a new Cotton Press in this city, in the spacious Fire Proof Sheds of James Erwin, Esq., immediately above the angle buildings in the Second Municipality, where he has ample room to store ten thousand bales of Cotton under cover. He offers to the Planters and Merchants to receive their Cotton free of Storage, hoping to remunerate himself therefor by the superior advantage of his compressing machine; he binds himself to perform as well and as cheap as other presses in the city. He therefore respectfully requests those who wish to save the expense of storage, to instruct their agents to deposit their cotton in his press.

JOHN BALDWIN,
New Orleans, Feb 2, 1843. 33-3f.

EVERY YOUTH'S GAZETTE. SECOND VOL.—PRICE REDUCED.

The largest, handsomest, and cheapest Periodical for the Young, in the U. States; published every fortnight at the office of the New World, and every number embellished with elegant Engravings.

W. YOUTH'S GAZETTE on the first of January, 1843, in the full confidence of exceeding, in an eminent degree, our previous efforts in making one of the most instructive, useful and entertaining periodicals for the young of both sexes, ever before established in this country. One great feature in the "Youth's Gazette," in the ensuing vol., will be the reprinting of all the popular works for children, by the most eminent English authors, such as Mrs. Sherwood, Mary Howitt, Emily Taylor, Maria Hack, Miss Strickland, Miss Wakefield and many others, all which will be embellished with BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, many of them executed in London, and are not only exceedingly valuable as illustrations of the various subjects, but interesting as works of art. In fact, in pictorial attractions, no periodical of the kind can compare with this—no expense being spared to make the Youth's Gazette, for the young and the New World is for adults, the most interesting and comprehensive paper in the country.

In all respects, its contents—embracing Natural History, Geography, Botany, Voyages, Travels, Adventures, Tales, Sermons, &c.—will be adapted to the understandings of Youth from five to fifteen years of age; and no article is published which is not pervaded with a pure moral tone.

Parents and Guardians of Youth can in no way so powerfully aid in the improvement in useful knowledge and morality of their children and wards, as to subscribe for this journal. Its great object is to make learning attractive rather than a task, and inspire a love for reading which shall tend to the formation of habits of virtue, industry and usefulness. Every father of a family should take the Gazette for his children, as the cheapest schoolmaster which can be employed for their mental and moral culture—and the great favour with which the work has been received during its first volume, justifies the publisher in the most liberal outlays to enrich its pages for the second—while it will render it worthy of a more extensive circulation than it has hitherto enjoyed, large as it has already been.

TERMS:

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year, or Five Copies for Five Dollars.

The Youth's Gazette is published every two weeks, on beautiful paper, and contains sixteen quarto pages, of three columns each. Single copies, \$1.50; two copies for \$3.00; five copies for \$7.50, and \$1.00 for each additional name.

All Postmasters are authorized and solicited to act as agents, from whom One Dollar a year in all cases will be received in full payment for subscription, thus leaving them a commission of 33 per cent. on each. Remittances must be on a specie-paying Bank, and sent free of postage.

500 Copies of the first volume will be sent to all new subscribers, for \$1. additional, which will thus render the series complete. Specimen numbers sent to all who wish to examine the work before subscribing, if the request is made free of postage.

Address—J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann-st. N. Y. December, 1842.

Great Enterprise!

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST AND CHRONICLE. A Family Newspaper of the Mammoth Class.

THE proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post have purchased the entire establishment of the "UNITED STATES" weekly newspaper, the immense subscription list of which concerns the "UNITED STATES" Saturday Post and Chronicle, a family newspaper of 22 years standing, and now issue the three in one under the title of "The United States Saturday Post and Chronicle." The present number will commence

THE TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME, and with the superior facilities now possessed by the proprietors, they can afford to publish a larger, handsomer, and better paper for the money than can be had elsewhere. The editorial department will be under the control of several gentlemen of high literary standing and ability, and will be conducted with a degree of vigor and spirit that must render the paper one of the very best ever issued in the country. The great size of the sheet will enable the proprietors to give a greater variety of original and selected matter than can be found in contemporary sheets. The matter will in many respects be of a different quality. The design of the proprietors being, to make a

First rate Family Newspaper in every particular, calculated to meet the wishes of the people from one end of the Union to the other, the following are the points to which they invite attention, as embracing the character of the sheet.

THE GREAT SIZE.

It is a sheet of the largest class—is printed on fair, clear type, with fine white paper, and contains more reading matter than any weekly published.

Popular Tales.

It is devoted to the highest grade of light Literature, each number containing three or four choice Original and Selected TALES; which, while they shall interest the young, shall at the same time point a moral. It also contains much good, and never any bad POETRY. A copious compound of well-told Anecdotes, Rich Humor, Pointed Wit, Just Satire, and Sentiment the most touching. It contains also, the greatest variety of Original Tales, Sea Sketches, Essays, Poetry, Songs, Charades, besides the latest and best selections from the American and English Magazines, and all other fountains of choice Original Literature.

In fine, the Post, upon which the concern is founded, has been conceded every where to be the very first newspaper in the country in the quality and quantity of its Original Tale, Essay, Poetry and other matter.

[Here follows a list of names of about fifty eminent writers, who are regular contributors to the paper, which we have not room to insert.]

Original Stories appear in every number of the paper, with Original articles on all subjects.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

A portion of its columns will be devoted during the Lecture Season, to SCIENTIFIC LECTURES, carefully reported at length—a feature possessed by no other weekly paper—by one of the best Reporters in the United States. Hence, subscribers remote can have all the advantage of these highly popular discourses with but little cost. The great size of the paper also enables us to give all important Congressional Proceedings at length, and all reports and other public documents in full, together with occasional Congressional Speeches in full.

THE FARMERS.

It is intended to make the paper one of great interest to the Farmer, by giving the Reports of the different Agricultural Associations; the new inventions; late experiments in tilling, and able papers from every source entitled to confidence; so that the Agricultural portion of the community will find in its columns, without encroaching upon other matter, all that is desirable to know, without the expense of a separate journal.

As a Newspaper.

As a weekly newspaper, it is believed that the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST" is not equalled by any weekly literary paper now existing. It contains a full and well digested account of every matter of news up to the hour of printing. This is a great desideratum to those who take only a single weekly paper, and which means less extensive than those connected with the establishment cannot accomplish. The number of persons employed, and the steam-power engaged in the publication of his paper, altogether surpasses that of any other of a similar character.

In short, the UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST is considered in all respects equal, if not superior, to any of its class, while in price it is far cheaper. Instead of three dollars a year, which is the price of the two mammoth newspapers of New York, and the two of Boston, the subscription of the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST" is only two Dollars a year, per single copy. GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO., No. 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of a decree of the Probate Court of Yazoo county, at the March Term, 1843, I shall offer for sale at the Court House door in the Town of Benton, on Saturday, the 20th day of May, 1843, on a credit of twelve months, Lot No. 47, in the town of Benton, as the property of the Estate of Joseph Gibson, dec'd. Bond with approved security will be required of the purchaser.

JOAB R. RICHARDS, Adm'r.
de bonis non of J. Gibson, dec'd.
Benton, April 7, 1843. 30-7f.

Blue Back Money!

WE have a few hundred dollars of the Commercial Bank of Natchez Checks for sale.

POETRY.

From the Democratic Review.
The Castle on the Sea.
(From the German.)

Hast thou the tower beholden,
The castle by the shore,
Where roseate clouds and golden,
O'er the turrets soar?

Reeling as though it might fall
Into the mirror-bright stream,
Or rise like a giant tall
And blend with the evening beam?

"Oh! yes, the castle I've seen
Lifting its spectral head,
When above the moon hath been,
And around dim clouds were spread."

Besting against the sea walls,
Made the wind's music gay,
Sounded from the lofty halls,
The lute and festive lay?

"The winds and waves hushed all
In still repose did lie,
But a dirge from the castle hall
I heard, with tearful eye."

Sawst thou the bride with the king
A joyous measure tread,
The sheen of the golden ring
And mantles dyed in red?

Did they not hail with delight
Nuptials of one so fair,
More beautiful than morning light
Streaming with golden hair?

"The father and mother I saw,
(And black their vestments were dyed)
The crown from their heads withdrew,
But never saw more the bride."

From the London Literary Gazette.

"The Girl and the Philosopher."

As Kate went tripping up the town,
(No lassie e'er look'd prettier),
An "uncle chiel" in cap and gown
(No mortal e'er look'd grimmer)

Accosted Kitty in the street
As she was going to cross over,
And robbed her of a kiss—the chiel—
Saying "I'm a philosopher!"

"A what?" said Kitty, blushing red,
And gave his cap a toss over;
"Are you?" Oh, phi! and off she sped,
Whilst he bewailed the "loa-soph-er!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Evidences of Christianity.

I have been used for many years, to study the history of other times, and to examine and weigh the evidences of those who have written about them; and I know of no one fact in the history of mankind, which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort, to the understanding of a fair inquirer, than the great sign which God has given us, that Christ died and rose again from the dead. But where the evidence of other facts ends, that of our great sign of Christ crucified and Christ risen by us, only to begin. I might convince your understandings, as I own mine has been convinced long since, that the fact is proved according to the best rules of testimony; but if our belief rests here, we do not know the full richness, the abundant and overflowing light of our Christian faith. The evidence of Christ's apostles, preserved to us in their writings, is very strong, very full, very irresistible; hear it fairly, and we cannot believe that Christ has not risen. But the evidence of Christ's spirit is much more strong, more full, more penetrating our whole nature. He who has this evidence, not only believes that Christ rose and was seen of Peter, and of the other apostles; Christ has manifested himself to them also; he knows in whom he has believed. Life and death are no longer a great mystery, beyond which our faith dimly catches the light of resurrection—Christ is with us now, and life is clear, and death is peaceful, and resurrection is the natural end to which both lead us. There are thousands and tens of thousands who have gone through this blessed evidence also; who doing Christ's will daily, have learned by experience the manifold riches of his grace, who have received his Spirit and life, in a continued consciousness of his presence and his love; to whom there is no need that they should pray for the sky to be opened, that they may see and hear God.—God dwelleth in them already and they in God. The Heaven is opened, and the angels of God are every hour ascending and descending on that son of man, who, through a living faith in Christ, hath been adopted through him to be a son of God. So perfectly have the Prophet Jonah, the sign of Christ's death and resurrection, be rendered to each one of us, all that we could desire in a sign from Heaven.—Dr. Arnold.

Incident in New Orleans.

The Cathedral is a spacious edifice with four towers, and is 120 by 90 feet. Its walls are thick and massive. It is ornamented in the Catholic style, with niches, containing figures of saints, &c. in their appropriate costumes. There is a story connected with the building, which, as it is founded on fact, may not prove uninteresting to our readers.

It was on the holy Sabbath morn—the Cathedral was crowded, and as the high-toned organ swelled up the anthems to the

Most High, a holy awe and solemnity pervaded the place. In various parts of the building were to be seen its many party colored members, kneeling in the spirit—we hope—of the true religion; we say hope, for ever and anon, from beneath the black veil, covering some native beauty, could be seen a sparkling eye wandering from the book which was in her hand, to something more of "earth than Heaven"—this may have been merely imaginary, but the observer, if he caught that look, would have had good grounds to construe it into something very different from religious impressions. Here were assembled the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Portuguese, the Italian, and the mixed breeds, whose names are numerous. There could be seen the Quattron, with her long black hair gracefully plaited o'er her high forehead, partially hid by a veil whose delicate texture could not stay the glance from her lovely eye, but rather added force to its power. In one corner of the immense building might have been seen the coarser forms, and less intellectual features of the mulattoes; and a little beyond, the mezzitones, and still more remote, the black, in all her shining glory. There was one man, however, in the vast assemblage, whose motives were of a different character. He had noticed on a previous occasion, a golden image of our Savior standing on the altar. He had dreamt of this image, he had magnified its value, and in the bitterness of his soul, aggravated by the iron hand of poverty, he had determined to possess it. He was a man of desperate fortunes—an adventurer who had visited New Orleans for a specific object. He was a boatman—a laborer on board of a broad-horn from up the river.—The visit to New Orleans was for the purpose of stealing the golden image. He groped his way up to the altar, inch by inch, kneeling and praying as he went along—Those who knelt in the immediate vicinity of this man, remarked afterwards that they took him for a murderer. Perhaps he was, and under the influence of the bad feelings which must have possessed him then, he gave way to the power of conscience which he ultimately subdued, and committed the sacrilege. He had now reached the best place suited to his purpose. In the meantime service progressed, the holy rites of the Catholic church, at all times imposing, was on this occasion more so. It was "All Saints Day." The voice of the Holy Father, seconded by heavenly anthems, ascended on high, and filled the soul with inspiration, "not of earthly but of heavenly ken." The heart that could not feel on this occasion must have been so wedded to things of earth, that even the voice and minstrelsy of angels could not make a change. Did it change the heart of this sacrilegious wretch, who, like a serpent, had crept into the very sanctuary of the Lord? No!

The service was over—the crowd was gradually dispersing—the organ still poured forth its strains, and its sounds lingered in the air, long after the organist had left his seat. A holiness seemed to pervade the place; yet was a demon there! The boatman had thrown himself at full length in the pew, and watched the motions of the sexton, who was removing and replacing the things used by the priest and the holy office.

He now cautiously turned his hiding place, and just as the sexton turned his back, he seized the golden image, and hiding it under his huge red jacket, with the same caution which had marked all his actions, he left the Cathedral.

Having reached his boat, he placed the image in a barrel which was used as a receptacle for the offals, and on this occasion it was filled; on top were floating cabbage leaves, and potato parings.

The theft was immediately discovered, and the police called out—the appearance of the boatman, upon whom suspicion now strongly rested, was accurately described, and the very route he had taken pointed out. The police traced him to the boat—but the coolness of the villain, and his willingness to go with them, actually disarmed their suspicions; he requested them to search him and the boat—they did so—nay, one of the police actually thrust his sword into the barrel! He escaped, and with him the golden image. Strange as it may appear, it was the foundation of this man's fortune! If I mistake not, he is still living, a wealthy and a respectable man! Can sacrilege prosper?—Alexander's Messenger.

KNOW THYSELF.—Let men learn to be affectionate to their friends, faithful to their allies, respectful to their superiors, and just even to their enemies. Did we but know ourselves, how humble it would make us, and happy would it be for us that we did; for want of knowledge of ourselves is the cause of pride; and pride is the cause of our separation from God; and ignorance of ourselves is the cause of keeping us from coming to him; for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. Did we but know ourselves we should not be proud.

For what is man? a weak and sickly body, a pitiful and helpless creature, exposed to all the injuries of time and fortune; a mass of clay and corruption; prone to evil, and of so perverse and depraved a judgment as to prize earth above heaven, temporal pleasure to endless felicitities. It is not very difficult for men to know themselves, if they took but proper pains to inquire into themselves, but they are more solicitous to be thought what they should be, than really what they ought to be.

Maysville (Ky.) Masonic Mirror.

From the Southern Sportsman.

A Poetical Receipt for Cooking Potatoes. Few know how to cook potatoes, as singular as it may seem. The Southern Literary Messenger goes into the matter with rhyme and with reason, and we copy it for the benefit of our readers:

Wash them clean and scrape the skin off
One water-me is enough,
Take the eyes and nubbins thin off,
And every little speck that's rough.

Do not let them lie in water,
(So the nice observers say.)
Not a minute, not a quarter,
That will take the taste away.

When the fire is burning brightly,
And the water's boiling hot,
Sprinkle table salt in lightly,
Then put Meehanocks in the pot.

Eighteen minutes, sometimes twenty,
Cook them nicely to a turn;
Some say more, but that is plenty,
Every one must live and learn, &c. &c.

POLITICAL.

Henry Clay and a National Bank.

How noble, how worthy of the great statesman and patriot, is the response made by Mr. Clay, to the charge that he had changed his ground on the bank question. "Yes sirs," said Mr. Clay, "it is very true that I opposed a National Bank in 1811; the speech you quote is my speech—it contains a frank expression of the opinions I then held on the subject. But five years of painful experience convinced me that I was wrong—that a bank was necessary to the country, both in relation to its currency and its revenues; and the very next occasion that offered, I avowed the convictions that time and national suffering had produced; and to these convictions I have ever since adhered. I am not ashamed of having grown wiser by experience, and on this only of all great national questions I have changed my ground. Judge from the arguments and facts I now submit to you whether I had or had not good reason."

What a striking contrast between the frank and ingenious course of Mr. Clay, and that of the two leading aspirants to the presidency in the ranks of our opponents.—Look at the shuffling and dodging of Van Buren on the Missouri question, the tariff and internal improvement questions, and the standing army question! Compare it with the sophistical attempts of Calhoun to prove his bank and anti-bank, tariff and anti-tariff, national road and anti-national road doctrines of different eras, perfectly consistent and identical. Nothing is more true than what was once facetiously said of Mr. Clay—"he is a head and shoulders above the tallest of them."—Nashville Banner.

From the Philadelphia Forum.

"Watchman! What of the Night?"

From every part of the country, we hear the most cheering tidings. The spirit of 1840 will be carried into the campaign of 1844, and the result will be equal triumph for the people. If the nation despised the dangerous doctrine of Van Buren, how much the more will they detest the hypocrisy and battle against the visionary schemes of John Tyler. The New Bedford Mercury, under the sad reverses which give a temporary ascendancy to locofocoism in old Massachusetts, thus gives the history of the causes of defeat and shows the spirit which animates the Whig cause for the future.—It says—"The successes which crowned the Whig arms in 1840, have been succeeded by a series of defeats more or less disastrous—but as yet nothing decisive has been determined. After the mighty struggle which placed the gallant Harrison in the Chair of State, the victorious army naturally sought repose; they became fatigued even with victory and were content to take off their armor and disband their forces.—Yet they slept upon their arms, and if their gallant leader had lived, would cheerfully have resumed them and sustained his administration as triumphantly as they had created it. But when he, the glorious old farmer soldier, was removed to the great campaign ground on high, the noble army which drove the Goths from the Capitol became dispirited—a panic came upon them, and like sheep having no shepherd, they were scattered abroad. The sagacity of public sentiment outran futurity. John Tyler was distrusted even before he assumed the reins of government—all felt that he was not the man to be entrusted with power—all knew that he was weak and vacillating—

all wondered why he was ever nominated. Wretched mistake! miserable want of forecast! to select such a man for an office which might control the destinies of the Vice Presidency as an office of any moment? who ever imagined that the people's choice would die? alas, the folly of believing that the voice of the people is the voice of God!

Mr. Tyler's policy seemed especially calculated to destroy the Whig party—had he openly declared his hostility to the party which elected him—had he expressed his determination to thwart their favorite measure and prove false to his professions, the blow would have lost half its force.—But he concealed his real sentiments, and would doubtless have concealed them to this day, had the slightest prospect of a re-election been held out to him by the Whigs. He retained the Cabinet which General Harrison had appointed, and gave no intimation of that dire hatred which he has since manifested against the party which now rears the just reward of elevating such a Judas to power. Consequently the treachery of Tyler was most subtle and insidious. Hundreds of minds were gradually poisoned, and thousands were disgusted to such a degree that they abandoned all concern with politics. The office-holders also were worked up into Tyler-men, and held their places solely by that tenure. "Sauve qui peut" became the watch-word among the mercenary and time-serving—and thereupon, the Cushings, the Spencers, the Profitts, the Mallorys, and that sort of place-hunters, left the camp and stood guard around the White House.

The Whigs thus laboring under every disadvantage—abused, betrayed and persecuted—had become for the time disheartened. The elections do not show an increase in the locofoco strength, but only a diminution of Whig votes. In New York, the Empire State, for instance, Mr. Bouck was elected by 20,000 majority, and yet had not so many votes as were cast for him in 1840, when Gov. Seward was elected by about 6,000 majority. The Whig strength then, is not materially impaired—the party is not dead, but sleepeth. It is night time with us—immerse darkness envelopes us—but in the distance we see the glimmering of an auspicious day. Watchman! what of the night? When will the morning break? It is even now—every sign in the political horizon indicates the approach of a glorious day. Let us patiently await the dawning of this new day—it will not burst upon us at once, but as day follows night, it will come at last. Let the Whigs remember the reverse of 1835 following as they did upon the repeated triumphs. Let them remember the thick gloom which then overcast their prospects, and which was not dispelled until the sun of 1840 burst forth in dazzling splendor.—Now, as then, we shall do battle for a beloved leader—for one whose patriotic heart is devoted to his country's welfare—for one to whom we owe the victory of 1840—for one who yielded his own claims in favor of the revered Harrison—for one in short, whose name is endeared to every true American as a patriot, a statesman, an orator, and above all an honest man. Before that name the distracted ranks of locofocoism will scatter in dismay, and HENRY CLAY will occupy the chair of Washington cheered by the plaudits of his grateful countrymen.

The editor of the Memphis Enquirer is puzzling his brain early in endeavoring to find some difference in principle between the conduct of the Mississippi anti-bond payers and the Mississippi leg Treasurer Graves. We advise him to desist from all such hopeless inquiries. We regard the absconding Graves as the most perfect incarnation of the spirit of repudiation yet seen, and think his conduct was a most exact commentary on the doctrines so current in that State. Mississippi swindled her bond-holders out of millions, and Graves swindled Mississippi out of thousands. The no-principle was the same in both cases. Graves did in a small way what his State performed on a magnificent scale. We really think that the repudiators of that State ought to erect a monument to their departed friend, for no man ever "lived in the tide of time" more wholly devoted to an abstraction than Graves, and a more perfect embodiment of repudiation will not soon be seen again.

Louisville Jour.

The Richmond Whig gives this brief but faithful sketch of the political character of Mr. Wise:

"A whig to-day, a locofoco to-morrow, a Tyler man next day, and the day after that, whig, loco, Tylerite, abstractionist and non-descript, all jumbled into one. Mag Merritts stew."

PURLOINED LAND SALES.—The last Mineral Express (Dubuque, Iowa Territory), says: "By a gentleman just arrived from Marion we learn that the sales have been exceedingly dull—the receipts not exceeding \$33,000. There were thirty-six townships offered."